

Fight for the Red Planet

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Summary: A Halo story taking place briefly before Halo 2, while the covies are still on their way to Earth, told in the perspective of a normal marine, as opposed to someone who stands out in a crowd. My alternate version of what happens before Halo 2! R&R!

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Prolouge: Colony 78A

DISCLAIMER: I don't own anything. Go Away.

"Axl "Razor" Monev has a reputation among us. He earned his nickname from his from his skill with a razorblade. While he is formidable still with a gun, meet him in melee while hes got a blade and he'll cut you before you knew what hit ya. Or so 'they' say.

"'They' also say he could block a bullet with his blades. Then again, 'they' happen to be dead, some at his hand. The average time for Axl to remove the heart from a struggling body is around 3 seconds. Today he is being relocated here, to Colony 78A. I trust no one will end up on his bad side."

The Sargent took a quick head count of his soldiers and dismissed them. Walking down the hall from the control room, Chris Jenkins, soldier number 875, laughed quietly. "Kind of funny, isn't it?" he laughed.

"About what? This Razor guy?" said Clark Simmons, looking up from the book he seemed to always be reading.

"Yeah. When I heard we were gettin' someone special here, I thought we were gettin' a Spartan! Not some knife guy. I mean, if the Covies do show up, whats a little blade gonna do against a plasma rifle?"

"Come on, we're a little colony on a freaking wasteland of a planet. This is Pluto we're on buddy, not Earth. Don't sweat it." Clark faded off toward the end of his sentence, as if unsure about what he was saying. He strode briskly to his assigned turret, and Chris did the same. Turret number 875. Chris sat down, and stared up at the blankness of space for a minute. He wished terribly he could be someone worth recognizing, like Axl, rather than just another faceless soldier. He looked around the inside of his little turret. A large glass window in one half, the other half had a comfortable, black leather chair, (thanks to taxes payed by the other citizens of pluto,) and a radar screen showing the status of almost the entire colony. Chris's job was to protect the citizens of 78A from threat, and yet in his 4 years the worst that had happened was a renegade longsword, which was brought down very quickly.

Over the loud speaker, the Sargent proudly announced that Axl had arrived, then clicked off into silence. Chris could hear feet clattering in the hall outside. He sighed, but didn't get up. He figured everyone else would be there, and could tell him all about the amazing Axl. His frustration was interrupted by a high pitched bleeping. He sat upright, and looked at the small red dot on his radar. An unidentified ship. He sent a message to one of the sattelites to send a close up image to him, but both sattelites were unreachable. Possibly destroyed. Chris ran out of his turret to where everyone was gathered, and hit the Sargent on the back, rather hard.

"Sir, we have an unidentified ship approaching. We should get everyone back to their stations immediatly." The Sarge turned around and laughed a bit.

"Well hop in a longsword and go see what it is! We'll get everyone back to their posts. You just wait, it's gonna be a big nothing." Sarge turned back around and started giving everyone orders, but Chris rushed to a longsword and strapped himself in. He heard a loud clank behind him, but regarded it as nothing, sealed the doors, and launched.

Chris hadn't been out in open space in quite a while, and he liked the feeling of it. He took a sharp right, and flew towards the large, unidentified ship. As he got closer, he could make out neon blues and purples. He didn't like what he saw, particularly when he really saw it up close. A covenant carrier, floating slowly toward Colony 78A. He picked up his radio with a trembling hand.

"Sir, we've got a large covenant carrier out he-" The Sarge's voice suddenly burst through the ship's speakers.

"Get to the Mars colony and warn them! It's too late for us, we're have a message out to the other Pluto colonies already!" Chris quickly set coordinates and sped towards Mars, as the space around him warped slightly, due to the massive outburst of plasma behind him.

End
file.